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The TOWER

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MASTERPIECE

The scholar studies the weighty volume.
His mind reaches out,
Chasing a new-born thought:
Apollo seeking his Daphne,
Desiring the goal more ardently with each leap nearer.

Driven by his wild passion for the truth,
The scholar comes closer and closer to the fleeing thought.
The thought crystalizes and becomes an idea.
The chase is done.
Apollo has overtaken Daphne.

But she is no longer Daphne,
She has become a laurel tree,
Keeping only her beauty.
The scholar says,
"If you cannot be my companion
You will be my masterpiece.
I will wear you for my crown."

—*Jeanne Appleton,* '42.

AWAKENING

Some poem breathed it, or faint music said
That loveliness is sometimes greater than the heart can bear.
Knowing beauty soon is dead
I thought this could be so—
I did not know—
That snatched from all eternity
Our life is made of seconds,
Pulsing, vital, momentarily.
My mind said this might be—
My heart yet did not see.
But docilely, accepting hollow words
I only understood when I had felt
The impulse of a thought too bold for me,
In newness of youth's rediscovery.

—*Madie Belle Ward,* '40.

TRAIN THOUGHTS

Down the aisles of the train ran children, uttering piercing shrieks. Red tongues tried to catch black licorice and chocolate running in liquid form down chubby chins. The tots tugged at fat and thin mothers. A school teacher looked up from her book disgustedly— the mothers smiled as they passed. A young giggling married couple—she tripping gaily and he attempting manly strides—passed down the train aisle. They were followed by an imposing, bulky woman whose dress contained broad green and white stripes.

Dolores Mims, dressed smartly in a brown and rust sharkskin suit, put down her magazine looking at its cover—a baby's smiling face. Then she gazed across the aisle at a baby with red sticky candy oozing from his short fingers. "Repetition," thought Dolores.

Dolores had placed all the passengers in some category and was now musing about herself. For eighteen years her mother had been vying with Dolores' dad to create their daughter into a type. Her dad wanted her to be just a woman with her own thoughts. Dolores looked at her traveling suit. "If it hadn't been that dad was along in the dress shop—" Her mother made all her dresses from pale-colored materials—lilacs, flush pinks, dewy blues. "To match her delicacy," she would say. Here Dolores' dad would boom out, "What are you making of her—a milk-weed like Saunder's daughter?" (Saunders was the preacher in the town). Mrs. Mims would sigh as if she were the martyred wife.

The girl ran a small finger over her eyebrows and adjusted the brown felt hat that had a dull green feather poking up jauntily from the side. Her mother had preferred the pale blue bonnet, and when Dolores had put it on, her mother had said, "So like you, Dolores, so, so—" The saleswoman had interrupted, "So chic." But the brown suit had been purchased, and the pale blue bonnet went back in its box. When they were at home that night, Dolores put on the hat for her dad, and her mother exclaimed, "So chic." Her dad just grinned sheepishly. "He must have known that wasn't mother's word for it," Dolores had said to herself.

Dolores' thoughts were broken by the passenger who sat down opposite her—almost too slowly and cautiously. "Like the old fat hen at home setting on seventeen eggs," thought Dolores, "except she isn't as fat as Delilah." (Dolores' mother had named her daughter and the

hen also.) The woman was staring at the landscape with that placid countenance found on most of the old. Once she glanced at Dolores and then fixed her stare again out the window. The girl lifted her brows as she noticed the woman's run-down shoes. "Uninteresting type," thought Dolores. "No past."

The girl from here on ignored the woman and became absorbed once more in thoughts of herself. She believed that she was missing Ken. "Ken—just like names in books," thought Dolores. She couldn't remember all the things that they had talked about last night. Ken had been enthusiastic about his going off to college and becoming a doctor some day. Dolores knew that when she and Ken came back from school they would both feel differently toward the small home town and their folks. When she told Ken, his blue eyes twinkled, he laughed and said, "Well, who wouldn't? After I've seen the human body in a different way and you—. Well, we just *should* feel differently."

She couldn't remember if he had really kissed her, but he said something about her soft dark hair. "Well, he was just too close," her mother would say. Once when Dolores' mother was icing the angel-food cake, she had said, "Your daddy always was an impetuous youth, living on a farm and all—" She had stopped here. Dolores' dad had overheard her, and only by adjusting his large fat body to the small chair, he let his chuckle escape his wife's ears.

Dolores' full lips pouted as she remembered her mother's piercing little voice calling to her, "Dolores (emphasis on both 'o's") dear, aren't you children getting sleepy?" Dolores thought she had heard her dad grunt. This admonition always came from her mother just as Ken was going to say—Dolores knew that he must feel like saying it because as he was leaving her, he stammered and hesitated. This goodbye always reminded her of his second-hand car which he bought when they were graduated from high school. Dolores couldn't understand her mother's reason for calling to her that night—the last night she was to be with Ken for a year.

And now she was off to school—one of these girls' finishing schools. Her dad had winked at her and called it, "The beginning school—beginning to put a hole in my pocket." Dolores' mother sighed when her dad talked like that. The girl sympathized with her dad. She knew that he wanted her mother to laugh with him at times.

The abrupt stopping of the train brought her thoughts back to the traveler opposite her. The woman was wearing a worn dark blue serge suit. From under her navy blue hat gray straight hair showed.

Her eyes were black and the thin pursed lips were drawn tightly together. There was a sparkle in her eyes which the young seldom notice. Dolores, being one of the young, saw nothing but the woman's shabby clothes and her oldness. "Only fat, jolly, old women have known love," Dolores' mother always said. And as Dolores looked at the woman, she agreed for once with her mother. "Yes," thought Dolores, "No past."

The woman, turning her head from the window, felt the girl's eyes. As she looked at Dolores, her eyes lighted, the corners of her lips played themselves into a quizzical smile. Dolores, picking up the magazine nervously, shrugged. The old woman's features now gave way to the smile. Dolores looked up. There was a dimple in the woman's chin. The girl glanced quickly at the tot across the aisle, who had mastered the peppermint stick of candy and now was cracking it between his teeth delightedly. "Just like the baby pigs at home, crunching on corn cobs," thought Dolores. She looked once more at the woman and then opened her magazine. For a moment Dolores wished that she had smiled at the old woman.

The woman's face became taut once more as she remembered that this was her first smile since the last one—twenty years ago. "It must have been the girl's stormy black eyes," thought the woman. "Mine have been stormy before. His eyes flashed like that when I met him."

The thin lips curled into a bitter smile. In trying to recall her feelings of their first meeting her thoughts always became vague and hazy. She had been down in the clump of pines where her mother was buried. It seemed now that she could hear their low mournful moaning. The quiet serenity of the spot tranquillized her, and after she left, living with her pa was easier. One day the air vibrated with a scornful tingling echo of laughter. She looked up and there he stood—tilted head and swaying body. His lids twitched over twinkling eyes; his breathing was tremulous. Her pulse quickened, but she kept running her slim white fingers through the cool black earth. He dropped down beside her. "I'm Black Pine," he said. "Been watching you for a week or so. What brings you here—those damn howling pine trees?" Her muscles were tense. She knew with one glance at him that some part of her would break like a dry twig. So she smiled while her eyes watched her fingers slipping through the soft earth and the wet, green-velvety moss. Later he made her say "Thorne" over and over because it was her name and he liked her soft voice. Moments with him came swiftly after that —the girl was happy.

The woman looked at the young girl seated across from her. "She'll never know moments like that—she'll never know a Pine." The woman's forehead became damp and flushed. It seemed as if she could feel his nearness even now.

She had gone home after meeting Pine, and while she was scraping the brown skins off the potatoes, her pa came in. He threw his dirt creased felt hat on a nail, and puttering around, placed his gun above the high stone mantle over the fireplace. He settled down in the gray rocker, scratched his blind dog's head, then grunted, "That devil, Black Pine, is back in our parts. I asked him his business. The devil sneered and said, 'I'm to get me a woman'." They went on with supper. The next night Thorne told her pa as she passed him left-over potatoes, "I'm Pine's woman now." Her pa, taking meat from his plate, threw it to his dog—the dog gulped it down.

Thorne didn't know if it was happiness or pain that followed after she met Pine. She knew it was better than listening to her pa every night say, "Killed the best these parts have to offer." "Always a-killing, that was my pa," thought Thorne. Her pa just made enough off his crop to get their clothes. Then all day he went a-killing so they could eat. Thorne remembered when she had told him, "Pa, you killed ma in a way." He just grunted. Her ma had lived, working all day, staying in that unpainted shack. She had liked to sit down under the pines, but pa cussed her when he knew she was there.

The woman tried to recall how Pine had asked her to marry him. But only her continual saying, "I am happy, I am happy," came back to her. Thorne had packed her clothes during the day when her pa was away. But the next day when Pine came after her, her pa stayed home for the first time since Thorne's ma had died. He cussed her when she left, and Pine hollored back at him, "Go to hell!" Pa saw Thorne for the last time as she and Black Pine took the turn down the path.

The woman remembered thrilling to Pine's words shouted at her pa.

The day was sticky and hot. Going up to their home which was on the highest cliff on the river, Thorne stumbled and fell. Black Pine bent over her, dried the moisture about the tendrils of her black hair, gathered her in his arms, kissed her again and again, and said, "We're on Hell Top, Thorne."

Living here he was happy and when the waters of the river beat against the cliff, and the winds howled about the snug cabin, Pine's eyes flashed—Thorne would smile. She remembered that first storm. They had been married a year. That night he came in late. Thorne

had asked him, "Where've you been, Pine?" His black eyes sparkled blue-red glints and he laughed, "Down where the winds begin to howl." Thorne was in the old rocker. Black Pine sat down at her feet and laid his head in her lap. (She winced at the thought that someone else now could be holding Pine's head. Her thoughts went back to the room.) The fitful, dying flames of fire made flickered shadows of the furniture on the wall. When Pine was almost asleep, he muttered, "You know, Thorne, I learned to love those winds long ago when I lived in the town 'cross the river with those toadying filchers. Pa ran the bar and made me stay in his damn tight place all day. At night I would come down and sit on the bank—just listening to the wind." These last words were almost lost in a whisper, but Thorne heard them. She smiled remembering how she used to go down in the clump of pines to get away from her pa. Thorne looked at Pine—he was asleep—the fire was out—the wind kept on wailing . . .

The woman's thoughts were interrupted by the child across the aisle, crying, "More." He had just swallowed the last piece of his candy. She looked at the young girl who was reading. Thorne pondered, "If there's some one else—" The child had received "more" and was now content. The woman gazed out the window.

Pine had always left early in the morning, then crossed the river to sell mussels and fish. He came back from town one day and seizing Thorne's hands said, "I'm free from those toadies, Thorne,—even free from God up here" Thorne knew that he must have gone by the bar and thought of his dead pa. She had pushed his dark hair from his forehead and said, "Let's have a bit of supper, Pine."

Now she wondered if he were still selling mussels to the toadies. "Maybe he has gone back to the bar," she thought.

All day while Pine was gone, Thorne stayed alone. Once she walked down to the edge of the cliff. She was frightened by the jagged rocks and the lapping water. After that she always waited for him, and the two walked together. She felt safe.

"Now that he is old—Pine being old—" This was a new thought. She had never imagined him as getting old. "Some people aren't made to get old," Thorne said to herself. She mused. Did she want to see him wrinkled? Would it be better just to remember him as she last saw him? "He won't be old," thought Thorne; "his eyes will still flash." She sighed. "Now that he's old, he'll need me to walk beside him along the cliff." For the same reason Thorne couldn't see Pine as an old man.

Thorne remembered the afternoon that they were walking on the cliff. She had asked Pine how he got his name. He kicked a rock that was in his way and lay down on the ground, pulling Thorne beside him. Pine looked a long time at the sun playing on the water below them. "Pa and I had an argument one night. He wanted me to promise that I'd keep the bar after he died. When I said, 'Hell, no,' he threw a bottle at me. That night I came down to the river bank, and when I went back to the bar, some slob of a man hollered, 'Rik, look at'm. He's black as them pines I been a-cuttin'. The name just stuck from then on, partly because I was dark, and then I just stayed alone with pa's cussin' and his drinkin'."

Thorne kissed Pine gently—he kept looking at the water dappled by the sun . . .

Then there came that day when Thorne no longer could say, "I am happy." It was a late afternoon—the sun covered by a dull purple cloud sent rays up into the sky. Thorne stood on the cliff, watching for Pine. He didn't come. That night the wind shrieked, the dead pines moaned, dry twigs broke and fell on the roof. Thorne cried while the rockers of the chair creaked monotonously, and the silver rain slid down the small chimney, choking the fire. He seldom came back after that night. Thorne's tears found an echo in the sighing pines . . .

The woman's memories were broken by the titter of the young married couple passing down the aisle. She noticed that the girl across from her was still reading. The train seemed to be moving so slowly, but she must have time to think it all over before she saw him. She had left her job almost on an impulse and got on the train saying to herself, "I'm going to Black Pine."

The woman wondered if he'd come back to her now. She hadn't realized before that he might not want her. Maybe she would have to go back and keep living with toadying filchers.

The child across the aisle was asleep—the girl turned another page.

Once when Pine came, Thorne questioned him; but he laughed, "Been living down on that white rock in the black river." Thorne then knew that he wanted to be free of her. He was living somewhere—with whom? The next day she went to the foot of the cliff where "Ol' Jame," the net-mender, lived. Thorne had never seen him, but Black Pine often had told her about him. Ol' Jame had told Pine that he was older than the river and more rotten and decayed than the dead pine which hung over his hut. Pine had laughed when he told her that and

said, "And he is just that, Thorne; his mind is rotten and his body is decayed."

Thorne went into Ol' Jame's hut without knocking and sat down quietly, watching the old man's gnarled fingers as they slipped through the net like the slow-moving claws of crab feet. He knew that she was there but his eyes never left the net. The silence of the room was broken by his wheezy breathing and the weak ticking of the old clock. After some time he mumbled, "Pine says you're gonna have a baby—a baby on Hell Top—humph." His small beetle eyes flashed at her; his fingers kept working through the net . . .

The woman remembered leaving Ol' Jame's hut that day and saying that she hated Pine. She knew that he had left her because he wanted to be free of a baby. When she thought of a baby, she didn't hate Pine. She told herself that she understood him. Pine was afraid of a baby because he had never known little things. Thorne went on up the cliff, telling herself that Pine would want the baby.

Thorne had the child—alone. When Pine did come back, he called the boy River Weed. Pine liked Weed's gurgling, but he hated his "damn yellow hair." "It looks like the yellow yolk of an egg," Pine said. But Thorne loved Weed—he needed her, and he laughed with her. One day she took him down to see Ol' Jame. The old man grinned at Weed and hooked his long bony finger around the baby's wrist. Weed cried. "To hell with the white-skinned thing," snorted Ol' Jame.

Thorne had thought that Pine would stay with her now that River Weed was there, but he was gone more than ever. She wanted to leave Hell Top; she'd tell Weed and he would laugh. Then Thorne knew that she must wait for Pine to come back to her and Weed. Not long after the visit to Ol' Jame Weed became sick.

The following week Pine and Thorne buried him in the dirt—somewhere on Hell Top. That night Thorne rocked and rocked in the old armless chair—just staring and thinking of River Weed. The sound of the wind about the house was soft and low. Pine was restless. Thorne knew that her silence and the squeaking of the chair angered him. He'd told her once that he had almost gone mad when he saw her for that first time sitting in the clump of pines. The wind moaned, Pine bent over her and kissing her forehead, said, "Hear the wind, Thorne." She just stared.

Later Thorne had said, "Pine—" Her eyes swept the room. The door was open—the wind howled low—he was gone.

She waited for him a week. He didn't come. Then she left Hell Top and River Weed.

The clumsy woman with the green-striped dress lumbered down the aisle. The old woman looked up. She knew that Pine had wanted her to say something that night. "He must have been thinking of Weed, too—maybe he was missing Weed," thought Thorne. "Did he ever come back to Hell Top?" Something told her that he did.

She smiled as she suddenly realized that she recalled the memories of the few years with Pine, but for the last twenty she had just been living and working with city folks. "Toadies," Pine called them. And now that she was going back—

The child across the aisle was sleeping.

"Would he still be there or had he given himself to the river?" Thorne winced. "If he's still free, he'll need me—if not—I'll go on living with the toadies." The woman looked at the girl who was closing the magazine. "If he's not there—" she bit her lips, "I'll still have River Weed and Hell Top."

The jerking of the train jolted the girl—the tot was waking up—the young married couple were talking in low tones. The woman stared.

"Yes, it must have been the girl's stormy black eyes that made me smile," the woman said to herself.

The two looked at each other. For a moment briefer than the sliding of rain drops from leaves, they understood. The girl smiled. The dimple crept into the woman's chin.

Dolores felt a sympathy for the woman. To Dolores she looked like any ordinary woman who had experienced a dull existence with no interruptions except the occasional burning of a roast. The girl knew that her own life was going to be a puzzling one. Did she really care for Ken? If they still felt the same way after they finished school, she'd go off for a year or two and then come back. She looked at the couple across the aisle and sighed. Maybe that would be a final testing of the affair. Then another thought irritated Dolores. If they married would they be like her mother and dad—unsuited? Dolores' dark eyes grew somber, her brows puckered closely together.

Dolores opened her magazine once more. "If only I were as secure as that old woman."

The woman looked at the girl and said to herself, "A lovely child—she'll always be protected by someone. If my life had been so simple—"

The child was being pulled along at his mother's side; the cabbage-faced man was bustling down the aisle; the girl in the sharkskin suit was getting off also.

—*Maoma Moore,* '40.

WHO WAS HE?

When someone suggested that we go in to see the unknown man that had been killed by a drunken driver on Madison Highway the night before, I declined, saying that a corpse always gave me a queer feeling of sorrow and dread. But they insisted, and finally I went with the group into the undertaker's parlor.

As we followed the sallow faced undertaker to a back room, the aroma of jasmine perfume mixed with the atmosphere of the unknown entered my nostrils. A wave of sickness passed over my body as I walked forward with the others.

The sheet was slowly lifted from the stiff, cold, marble form, and we strained forward to see. I knew the others were looking to see if they could identify him; I looked, meaning to look quickly away, but some unknown force drew and held my eyes.

The lifeless face that lay beneath my gaze was pale with a yellowish cast. It was square, broad, strong-featured, clear-cut. Cold, stiff lids covered the eyes set in their deep, dark sockets. Massive eyebrows seemed to form a semi-crown above those long-lashed eyelids. His mouth was set in a grim, hard line suggesting disappointment. His chin had a deep cleft that must have gone even deeper when he laughed. It must have been a seldom and deep-throated laugh when he gave it. His hair was ebony-black matching his heavy eyebrows; it was brittle with a slight suggestion of a wave. Even now it seemed to rebel against staying in place.

His shoulders were broad as he lay in his shroud. There was character in those shoulders, character that had reached its height and had received a death blow.

My eyes ran down those long arms to his hands. They were strong brown hands with long skilled fingers. Hands that had been trained for a careful, tedious job, hands that seemed to be reaching out for

something that they would never get. What had he been? A pianist, an artist, or maybe a surgeon—I would never know. Yet I wondered.

The others walked away discussing persons that they had seen that looked somewhat as he did; I walked silently with them. I had never seen a person that even resembled this one. I tried to erase the picture from my mind, but I know now that I can never erase that unhandsome, strong face from my brain. What had happened to make him lose confidence in his life work? Who was he? Where had he been going when he was struck down? What were those hands reaching for?

—*Ezelle Bonner,* 42.

TO CATULLUS

Such was my luck, Catullus,
To have missed you twenty centuries.
Who knows? I might have stilled
Your eternal chant to Lesbia—
And mine to give—and take
Would have been the "kisses thousand-fold."
You loved too long, Catullus,
A woman sipping wine
From other lips than yours.
She took from your soul also
A measure of immortality,
For through the lies of a faithless woman
Does your prayer
Float through the winds of Centuries.
And I have not missed your smile
Though you yourself forever hide deeply
In your villa beloved far away.

—*Celia Methvin,* '40.

WHAT DOES THE BABY WANT?

"What does the baby want? What does the baby want? I know, baby wants a kiss from Papa. Mumsie can't until Papa sends the baby a kiss.

Pappy, take the baby walking in the yard until the mail comes.

I hope he hasn't been staying by himself all the time. Has he left the key outside so Clo could get in and wash the dishes? Mr. and Mrs. Lorengo asked him to have dinner with them sometimes, if only he accepted. Why is he so reserved and retiring? I know he will have dinner with the pastor. They are such good friends.

I wish he wouldn't sit up so late studying. He knows that he needs more rest than he does erudition, especially since his eyes are getting weak. Sometimes I wish he weren't a dilettante. Has he been eating properly? Since his appetite is so prodigious, I imagine he'll get enough, if he has to cook. Thank goodness he isn't squeamish. I guess the sink is chock-a-block with dishes by now.

I asked Mr. and Mrs. Fera to be sure to drop in to see him while I am gone. He ought not to be lonely, since he was a bachelor so long. He'll probably miss us a great deal more now that he has seen what it is to have a family. I wonder if it is so quiet that he can't read the newspaper as it was when Mother and all of us left and Dad couldn't read, because it was so quiet. He can turn on the radio, if he'll think about it. It's about time for the refrigerator to be defrosted; if he forgot to defrost it. Well, maybe it won't be ruined.

I wonder if he is sick. I haven't had a letter in two days. I think he ought to write me more than he has, since this is the first time we've been so far away since we were married. When I was visiting my parents in New York, he wrote me every day, and we lived only in New Jersey. He should write me and go to the doctor, if he is ill. I know if he had been hurt, I would have been notified by now. If he had fallen ill somewhere, he would have been easily identified by his papers. Has he left the money out for the paper boy? Wouldn't he be surprised if the paper suddenly stopped? The West is so different from the East.

Does the baby see the postman?

I hope he has written to me *Pumpkin, bring the letter to Momie.*

What does the baby want? What does the baby want? Papa sends the baby a great big kiss."

—*Marianne Knox,* '42.

REVERIES

A table in the corner of a library. A girl reading the life of Beethoven grows restless, forgets the hardships of that musician and hears only the footsteps of people around her. A dull sturdy thud of big brown rubber soled oxfords causes her to live over again the night that she had been with Leslie—the night of the accident. Just a few minutes before leaving home she had laughed about the rubber-soled "boots" he had on. A second later the sound of rain splashing against the car window. The rain coming down harder. Blinding them. The sound of steel and glass crushing against steel and glass. A high pitched scream. Leslie's heavy body flung through the glass as easily as water passes through a colander. Quietness. Leslie never opening his eyes again. Death. Quietness.

Click, click, click, click; French high heeled pumps sounding on the cement floor in the building where the books are kept for use and not for sale. A tea dance. Girls giggling and chattering. Boys out-talking one another. Glass touching glass with a tinkling sound as dubonnet punch is poured into shining glasses. Soft music. Couples dancing.

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch, a pair of Huaraches making the brittle snapping sound that only straw can make. A hay ride. Summer time. A full moon. Girls and boys singing against the creak-ti-ki-crack, creak-ti-ki-crack, creak-ti-ki-crack, of the old wagon wheel and the jingledy jang of the chain on the wagon tongue . . .

A whispering voice, "Is this anybody's place?" breaks the girl's reverie into small bits.

"No, sit down."

"Thanks."

—Gloria Vann Smith, '42.

TWILIGHT RESOLUTION

If I were a goddess, a tall, stately goddess,
A goddess with black, flowing hair,
I'd want to be clothed in the golden of sunset
With a cape of the blue of the sky;
The tip of my scepter—the bright evening star,
And the new moon to serve as my crown.

—Frances Trueman, '39.

HIS PRESENCE

I walked one day through a lonely swamp.
I walked, listened, then walked again.
The whispering wind was soft on my cheek.
It kissed my lips and caressed my hair.

And as I walked I thought of Him
Who had made it possible for the wind to blow,
The bees to hum, and the birds to sing.

The swamp was quiet and yet it was not,
For in listening to the quietness of the shadows,
And the still of the cool, deep shades, I heard the voice of God.
He spoke and I listened, as still as the grass on which I stood.

As His sweet voice stole over my being,
A tide of joy surged through my soul,
And I lifted my eyes toward the clear blue heavens above.
I stood there bare and clean before the face of God.

I reached my hand high into the air.
I felt it clasped in the hand of God,
That precious hand of warmth and strength.
I heard Him whisper and it made me glad.

"My child you have come to know the love of
Heaven through the beauties of the earth.
The loveliness of the flowers, the stillness
Of the woods, and the gentleness of the

Wind will magnify my love for you and your
Love for others; and your happiest moments
Will be those when you are nearest these
Lovely things of Heaven and earth."

His whisper was caught up by the breeze, and I stood there,
Trying to realize, visualize, and recapture that moment of ecstacy and happiness.
How long I stood there I do not know.

But this I know,
That everything was made to glorify God.
Long ago I found God in the song of a bird,
In the buzz of a bee, and in the wind in the swamp.

A graceful butterfly glides by on silvery wings,
A cricket chirps in a hollow log,
A shadow crosses the sandy path.
I hear the voice of God and his whisper in my heart.

When I am tired and weary of the noises and shouts of the city,
When I am almost deafened by the man-made machines of industry,
When I am lonesome and I haven't a friend,
I find God in the flowers, the birds, and the bees.

I go to nature—God is always there,
And He takes my hand in His
And He whispers again in my ear.
He lives in the flowers of the swamp.
His glorious presence makes me glad.

—*Nina Ball,* '42.

HUSH

Hush!
What need have we for words, we two,
If thoughts can run the gamut through
Of echoing silence, hand in hand,
And call us too in urgent chant:

Silence louder than sound
Silence longer than time
Silence larger than space

In quiet like this we two have found
In fancy light, in hush profound
An echo of the infinite.

—*Madie Belle Ward,* '40.

COMPARISON

A blue sky with white clouds drifting endlessly. Clean fresh air smelling of violets in the spring. A southern college placed in the solitude of the surrounding countryside. Girls dressed in bright colors. Shoes of every description—some old, some new. Girls laughing as they stroll to class with their French, poetry, or history books. A sophisticated girl saunters leisurely by, saying to her friend, "Oh, the quietness, the peace of solitude, the thrill of monotony."

A blue sky with gray smoke drifting from a cannon. Air filled with gas, smelling of blood from dying soldiers. An Italian troop placed in the solitude of the countryside walking, walking, onward, onward to their death. Men dressed in brown khaki suits. Some wear boots; others wear blood that has dried and caked on their blue swollen feet because of marching so long without shoes. Men laughing nervously as they march into the abode of hell carrying guns and gas masks. A scholarly soldier says to a comrade in an aggrieved tone, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

—*Gloria Vann Smith,* '42.

QUEST

We have no choice!
Ours to be the spirit lulled in deep content
Bounded by encircling walls that time has lent
To pleasure's voice.
Or—if fate may will it so,
Ours to envisage dreams of worlds more vast
And further heights yet unsurpassed
Or never to be scaled.
If I could but ordain
I'd be the latter man
Who, suffering still with dull nostalgic pain
For regions far beyond our present span,
In spite of skeptic taunt, of seen futility
Has known the breathless quest, the dream,
Of man, and truth, and Thee.

—*Madie Belle Ward,* '40.

SKETCH

Sand, sea, and sky stretch into eternity. When the blazing sun is sinking below the horizon, and the serene blue of evening mingles with the shimmering blue of the ocean, the sand assumes the appearance of effulgent silver. As the evanescent sun fades from view and the sea and sky coalesce into twilight, there is a feeling of hushed tranquility. Daylight unobtrusively glides into night and the world is at rest.

—*Sara Polk Bean,* '42.

VIEWPOINT

"She has no beauty in her soul!" thought I.
Poor thing! The molten, living sunshine
Can turn green into pure gold,
And she cares not. I watched her
Pass close by a honeysuckle vine once
Without the faintest trace of slowing down.
I've seen her plowing through the rain
Never seeing the rainbow in each drop;
I've seen her push through stormy wind
Without that look of joy that comes
To one conscious of God's universe.
Poor thing! She has no beauty in her soul!

One night I went into her room—
She didn't even hear me coming in.
Bent over a mass of figure-covered pages,
Furiously she worked and frowned
And muttered over sine and cosine,
Tangent, infinity, and other phases of
A long, hard algebraic problem.
I watched for fifteen minutes, till she
Sighed, pushed paper back and laid her pencil down.
"At last," she breathed, and on her face
There was the satisfaction of perfection.
She looked at me and smiled.
"You know," she said, "it's really beautiful."

—*Julia Ann Patch,* '42.

FRITZIE

Bright March sunshine filled the bedroom, filtering through the blue curtains, dancing on the gay little rag rugs, that looked like pinwheels on the Fourth of July, lighting up the Alice-in-Wonderland scenes on the wall. It spotted itself across the books on the shelf, mixing a bit of *Little Women* red and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* blue with all the other backs and making a great blob of color. It shone upon the mantelpiece where a Raggedy Ann doll sat looking soulfully into the disdainful eyes of the steadfast tin soldier. One ray struck the mirror over the small white chest of drawers. The mirror caught the ray and threw it into the face of a little girl who lay asleep in a small bed in the corner of the room.

Fritzie stirred, relaxed the hold that she had on a gold pasteboard crown lying on the pillow beside her, and turned over.

From outside the house the shrill voice of a newsboy yelling, "Birming-ham News, Sunday Amer-i-cann pap-er!" disturbed the quiet.

Then from the next room came the deep rumble of a man's voice. "Damn those newsboys. I tell you, Elsie, there ought to be a law against it!"

Fritzie's great brown eyes flew open wide. She sat up in bed and yawned. Suddenly she remembered something. She sat up, picked up the gold crown, tenderly smoothed and patted a bent place on it, and then carefully placed it on her tumbled black hair.

She jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror admiring her royal reflection. She heard sounds of rising in the next room, and she knew that since Uncle Ben was at last getting up, Aunt Elsie must be dressed; and that meant Aunt Elsie would be in here in a minute. Fritzie ran quickly to the bed where she found her furry bedroom slippers and jammed her bare feet into them just as the door opened and Aunt Elsie entered.

"Good morning, darling," she said and bent down to kiss her little niece. Fritzie looked very much like a black-eyed-Susan in her yellow nightgown with her tousled black hair standing out under the gold crown.

"Mornin', Aunt Elsie, I was trying on my crown. I can hardly wait. Oh, Aunt Elsie, isn't it almost time? I'm so excited."

"Yes, dear," said her aunt, who was almost dressed. Fritzie thought she looked perfectly beautiful.

Aunt Elsie went to the chest of drawers and began to take out clothes, "here are your undies. You put them on while I go read the papers. Then I'll come and help you with your dress."

Fritzie sat down on the little mahogany rocker and put her socks on. She stopped for a moment, thinking how excited she was. She, Fritzie, was to be Queen Esther in the Purim play at Sabbath School. She remembered how she had envied Sadie Weiss last year when Sadie was Esther. Now Sadie had to be away on Purim, and she, Fritzie Steiner, because she was next to the oldest—eight to be exact—she was to be the Queen.

Fritzie pulled another sock on and put on her soft white slippers and sighed. She pulled the yellow nightgown over her head, careful not to hurt the crown, and put on her undies, pulling them on over the crown, careful not to touch it.

Of course—and she sighed again as she remembered how mean John and Marvin had been when Mrs. Berman told them Fritzie was to be Esther. They'd said she was too little, and that she'd ruin it all. But finally they'd quit teasing her for awhile, saying they didn't care if she did ruin it since she was so little that they had to have the play in the morning instead of at night, and nobody would be there as they were last year. Fritzie knew that the real reason they weren't having it at night this year was because of the Purim Ball, and she was going. That was another exciting thing. Anyway she'd show them.

Just then Aunt Elsie came into the room. She helped Fritzie comb her hair, and put on her favorite blue silk dress with real lace on it.

When she was all ready she ran into the living room where Uncle Ben was reading the morning papers. She couldn't see his face but she knew that he looked like a wise old owl peeping through those great big glasses. She was going to say Boo! and scare him, but then she remembered that queens didn't scare people, so she said, "Good morning, Uncle Ben." She kissed him.

"Hmn, Good morning, dear," said Uncle Ben, still lost in the paper.

The breakfast bell rang and Fritzie said, "Uncle Ben, it's time for breakfast."

"Un-huh," he said.

"Uncle Ben!" Fritzie was impatient to eat and get away.

"All right!"

"No, now!" Fritzie took his papers away from him and led him

into the dining room where they ate delicious waffles, at least Uncle Ben did. Fritzie was far too excited to eat.

Finally it was time to go. Uncle Ben got the car out of the garage, and Aunt Elsie and Fritzie, with her gold crown held carefully in her arms, got in.

By the time they came to the small red brick building with ivy climbing all over it and around the stain glass windows, Fritzie was so excited that she could scarcely wait to put on her costume. She had to walk along with her aunt and uncle and speak to the old folks who always came to the plays the children gave. They and the parents of the children in Sunday School were usually the only audience.

First Fritizie had to talk to old Mr. Schwob. He talked so deep and funny that Fritzie could never understand all he said. She always smiled and nodded and just hoped she was right.

Then there was Mrs. Dreyfuss. She was so deaf and talked so loud that Fritzie always felt uneasy and looked around to see if anyone was listening when she said, "My dear, you're more like your angel mother every day." Then she'd wipe her eyes, and smile sadly at Fritzie.

Fritzie went through the beautiful quiet temple into the noisy little ante room where all the boys had just finished dressing.

When she opened the door, Marvin, a skinny boy with a striped bath towel around his shoulders greeted her. He was to be Haman. Fritzie was glad, because it was so easy for her to hate him. He said in a squeaky voice, "Hi, Madame Queen!" Fritzie wondered why his voice squeaked so, and Aunt Elsie had said he was "just at that age."

Bernard Myer, a small boy of ten with a mouth that was overflowing with braces and teeth, looked at her and began to giggle.

John, the oldest of the boys, said, "shut up, will you?" It was more of a command than a question, and Bernard shut up instantly.

"I know a secret, yah, yah!" poked Isaac Newman, another little boy with a red scarf thrown over his shoulders. "I know a Secret!" Fritzie always wondered about him. She'd heard his family was "orthodox." She didn't know what that meant, but—. "I know a secret!" he repeated.

"Shut up, you! Do you want to ruin everything?" barked John.

Just at this moment Mrs. Berman came in. "Now boys," she said sweetly, "I'll have to ask you to be a little quieter. Fritzie, you go behind the screen and put on your costume. I'll take your crown."

At this Bernard giggled out right. John shot him a dirty look. Bernard put his hand over his mouth.

While Mrs. Berman was helping Fritzie with her costume, which was white cheese cloth. It always worried Fritzie because she never could understand why it wasn't yellow, because cheese was yellow. The boys were laughing guiltily, and when Fritzie came out all white and pink in her cheese cloth costume they looked sheepishly at her and grinned and Bernard giggled.

Mrs. Berman had to go outside to announce the play, and while she was gone the boys began to be noisy again. Fritzie looked around for her crown.

"Where's my crown, John?" she asked.

"Oh, Isaac will bring it out when he comes." Isaac was the servant who handed the crown to John who was king.

Mrs. Berman came back. "All right, children, we're ready! Come, Fritzie, John, and Isaac."

Fritzie went out of the room into the temple, and upon the altar where the stage was set. She could see everybody in their seats. The whole half of one side was filled up. She was sort of scared. She went up in front of John and knelt. She heard him tell her that because she was the most beautiful woman in his kingdom he would have her for his wife. She felt the crown being put on her head. Everyone laughed, but she went on and thanked the king and promised to be a good queen.

Everything went right on through. Everytime Marvin would look at her he would smile. So would the two little boys. John looked funny as if he were sorry for something.

Finally they came to the place where she had the banquet and Haman was there. She was pleading with the king to spare her people, she leaned over slightly and she felt the crown fall off her head, she stooped to pick it up. Why, it wasn't her crown at all, but an old brown paper sack that she had on her head. She felt the tears coming to her eyes. She knew what John had done. She felt the tears on her cheeks, but she was so used to saying the lines that they just came, and she plead for her people—tears and all.

When the king gave her freedom for her people and promised to hang Haman she sobbed out her thanks and ran off the platform.

In a minute the boys were all in the dressing room laughing,—that is, all except John. Isaac said, "you thought it was your golden crown, didn't you? Yah, I told you I knew a secret!"

Bernard giggled, Marvin laughed, and Fritzie cried, "I hate you all."

John came over to her. He looked ashamed and he said, "Fritzie, I'm sorry now. You were so good that no one knew the difference, anyhow."

Bernard giggled and said, 'I did."

"Aw, dry up!" said Marvin, who was beginning to feel sorry, too.

Fritzie hated them all. She'd never forgive them, and she'd get even.

Mrs. Berman came in. She said, "Boys, I'm ashamed of you. I hope you've apologized to Fritzie."

"They have," sobbed Fritzie, "but I hate them just the same."

There was a knock on the door, and Uncle Ben came in. "Hello, boys. It's O. K." He smiled at Fritzie. "Ready to go, your majesty?"

Fritzie thought she just couldn't go outside and see those people: She just couldn't.

The boys went shame-facedly out with Mrs. Berman.

"Fritzie," said Uncle Ben, "you were really grand. Honey, no one knew about the crown!"

"Uncle Ben," she sobbed, "I just can't go outside."

"We'll sneak out the back, and no one will see us."

They got to the car, and Aunt Elsie was waiting. She told Fritzie how proud she was of her, but Fritzie only cried.

They got home, and Fritzie went into her room. She felt as if she couldn't go out ever again. She lay across the bed and fell sound asleep. When she woke up it was afternoon. Uncle Ben was calling her.

"Fritzie, wake up. It'll be time for supper soon."

Fritzie got up, and Uncle Ben helped her wash her eyes.

"You must wake up, Honey. Remember the Purim Ball tonight?"

"But, Uncle Ben," said Fritizie, "I can't go. I don't want to."

"Nonsense, Fritzie. You're going. I want you to forget all about the crown. It was the way you did the part that counted. You were fine. Honest!"

Fritzie believed Uncle Ben when he said honest. She tried to cheer up. She couldn't, tho', and moped around till supper, listlessly ate something. Then Aunt Elsie helped her put on her clown suit for the Purim Ball. She began to feel better. The red stripes helped a lot, and the bells on her caps jingled so that she almost laughed. When she saw Aunt Elsie dressed like a baby doll, and Uncle Ben like a tramp, she felt very festive.

When they got to the "Green Parrot" where the Ball was, Fritzie's good spirits began to desert her, but she tried to smile. At least she had on a mask, and no one would know her.

But here she was mistaken, for the first person she saw when they got to the door was a tall man in a sailor's suit, who said, "Hello, Sister." She knew it was Dr. Newfield, John's daddy, for he always called her sister, and she was always wanting to tell him she wasn't any kin to him. "You were very good! You made my son look like a ham!"

Then a big fat woman in a dress with spangles all over it came up and said, "Darling, you were splendid!"

Fritzie was beginning to feel fine when a big fat man in a Santa Claus suit puffed up to her and said, "Fritzie, proud of you. Yes, I was." She felt all right now, and she was watching her aunt and uncle as they danced together, when suddenly she looked up. She saw a tall boy in a policeman's uniform followed by two little cowboys and a skinny Indian coming toward her. She knew who they were.

"Hello," the policeman saluted her, "Hello, your majesty."

All the others said, "Hello."

Fritzie was not going to speak to them at all, but suddenly she found she wasn't mad anymore, so she said, "Hello, I'm not mad."

John asked, "You want to play jackstraws or dominoes?"

"Uh, huh," she answered happily.

And when Uncle Ben and Aunt Elsie came back they saw their little clown playing dominoes with the Indian, Policeman, and cowboys.

Finally the balloons all fell from the ceiling, the confetti was thrown, the children had ice cream, and it was time to go.

The next thing Fritzie knew she was in bed, and then she didn't know anything for she was asleep.

The little room with its gay rag rugs, blue curtains and books was very still, and when Aunt Elsie came in to turn off the lights there was a smile on the face of the little girl who lay asleep in a bed in the corner of the room.

—*Mary Sterne,* '41.

MOODS OF MOONLIGHT

Shifting, silvery light
Casting intricate shadows
Across the solitary grove
Of hushed, lacy willows.

Luring, luminous light
Throwing a restless radiance
Along the trodden path
Amid the tall, dark oaks.

Narrow streams of light
Descending in heavenly halo
Thru the gentle rifts
Of hallowed, incense-cedars.

—*Jean Kade,* '41.

I fell in love with a wind-god,
A rosy, little, plump-cheeked fellow
Who smiled and dimpled like a child
While we idled the bright warm hours away.

But soon the summer air grew cooler
And the dew became silver frost;
My lover changed with the weather
And left me alone in the cold.

My heart was broken, but I understood;
When the wind is one's being, he cannot stay—
Even for love.

—*Frances Trueman,* '39.

FATE

The world's a stage! Well spoken Stratford's son.
Our lives, ever, the scenes performed thereon;
Our cues are pre-written; the plots have been spun;
'Tis true even now, Oh Pride of Avon.

For yet, we endure this great metaphor.
We work and we plan; we're clever, yet give our
Futures to Fausts who pay God's souls in war
As coin to Mephistophiles for pow'r.

Poor puppets, helpless, tugging at the strings,
But lifeless without the fingers. Still, who knows?
Such situations solved before brought springs.
Yet, will it end Goethe's tale, or Gounod's?

—*Carolyn Rowe,* '42.

Lonely, serene, calm, silent,
O moon so close beyond the trees!
In the still loneliness
Felt only when alone among
A myriad of other souls
Intent each on himself
I found you, wise beyond all wisdom,
Poised, knowing your own beauty.
I know why men go mad
Contemplating you;
You are the aching, perfect loveliness
After which, nothing is.

—*Julia Ann Patch,* '42.

METAPHORS

Life is a room
Wherein we sit
Awaiting an end
And fearing it.

Death is a doorman
Portly and kind
Ushering us in to
A torpid mind.

The end is oblivion,
Heaven, or Hell?
An inevitable future—
Who can foretell?

—*Mary Sterne,* '41.

T 7.1-2